New York, Monday, August 26, 1844.

The Great Patriotic Festival at Pittsfield We give to-day a full and graphic report of the coceedings, orations, speeches, addresses, and asting at the great "Berkshirk Juniler." This patriotic outburst came very refreshingly at this hot season of the Presidential contest, and we accordingly made arrangements for enabling our thirty-five thousand readers to share its blessings with the thousands who assembled on the spot. So here it is to-day-a delightful sort of a midst prandial entertainment-varied, cool, fragrant, and refreshing to the thirsty soul, wearied with the eternal "Clay"—"Polk"—and "the Tariff."

The Campaign.

We are now in the very midst of the conflict. Nothing is talked of but the Presidential election, and the only speculation affoat worthy of the name, is that on the relative chances of Clay and Polk. Even "Lady Suffolk," and her rivals, have ceased to be the great subjects of conversation in the sporting circles, and instead of betting on hion" and "Columbus," the knowing ones are offering wagers on Harry of the West, and find takers who are as ready to stake their fortunes on the chances of "Young Hickory." "Will Polk carry his own State ?"—"Can Clay carry one out of seven States that are named?"—"How is Pennsylvasia going ?"-" Will the Whigs carry New These and a thousand similar questions are heard on all hands-in every bar-room-at every corner of the street-in every store-at all the tavern-doors from Maine to Florida.

Everything indicates that the contest will be infinitely warmer and more keenly and closely fought than was anticipated at the commencement of the campaign. The Whigs have fairly awoke, and in all directions are exerting themselves with the greatest zeal. Their opponents, the Democrats, are equally busy. It appears now that much of the coolness with which the nomination of Mr. Polk was received, has been thawed away, and many even of the oldest friends of Mr. Van Buren are working as hard for the new candidate as ever they did for the old. And so every where we see the evidences of the enkindled spirit of the masses of both parties. Ash-poles and hickory-poles are rising at every cross-road, and in front of every tavern. Mass meetings, attended by crowds, and addressed by numerous orators, are held all over the country. Orators, minstrels, poets, ballad-singers, broken-down editors, blacksmiths, shoemakers, and political lazzaroni of all sorts, are hurrying to and fro, scouring the country and hastening from gathering to gathering, like hungry vultures fleeing to some battle-field widely and thickly strewed with the mangled bodies of the dying and the dead.

And how do the respective chances of the candidates appear to stand? It is quite clear that the party newspapers cast not one ray of light on this interesting and universal subject of enquiry. According to the whig journals there is not the slightest doubt of Mr. Clay's election-every State is going out and out for him-and his return by an immense majority is certain. The democratic party prints are equally sanguine and unscrupulous in telling all sorts of lies. Every election return is distorted and falsified by these political prints. And the public quite aware of this-it were very strange indeed if they were not by this time -place no sort of dependence on the statements of the organs of the factions. The intelligent and sober men in the community, properly look to the independent press for correct information respecting the results of the State elections. We have been giving from day to day, reports and analysis of the returns, collected from authentic sources and prepared with great care and the strictest impartiality. And the result of our investigation has been a conviction in our mind that in all the States heard from the contest will be the closest we have ever yet seen, and that the decisive struggle will in all probability take place in this-the "Empire State." And in New York, we do think that the whigs thus far have the advantage. They have been much better organized here, for this campaign, than they ever were on any former occasion. They began the business at an early period. They have been expending money freely in the feeding and clothing of wandering minstrels and orators — Bran-new flags without number have been bought and hoisted, bearing the names of "Clay and Frelinghuysen," in the breeze. Large sums have been paid for tallow-candles of all sizes for the purpose of illuminations. In every possible variety of way the whig electioneering has been kept up throughout this State with zeal, perseverance, and suc

The democrats on the other hand, have been rather apathetic and indolent. The defeat of Mr. Van Buren at the Baltimore Convention, broke up to a considerable extent, in various quarters, the admirable organization of this party. Many of the old leaders have kept out of the field, at least, till very recently. It must certainly be evident to all candid and impartial observers, that in activity, unanimity, and enthusiasm, the democratic party in the State of New York, have been considerably behind their antagonists. But the democrats appear now to be making up considerably, and recent indications would appear to show that they will, after all, make one of their old bull dog fights

before they relinquish the field in November next As far then, as we can judge from the indications in all quarters, the chances of Mr. Clay and Mr. Polk are on a very nicely adjusted scale of equality throughout the entire Union, with the exception of the State of New York, in which, at present, on this fine morning of the twenty-fifth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and forty-four, the Whigs have not the slighest perceptible shade of preponderance. In such a state of affairs, any movement of both parties in this State become iavested with immense interest. This accounts for the intense anxiety with which both parties regard the great mass convention of the Whigs at Albany to-morrow. That will, indeed, be a most important event in the progress of the campaign. A very influential turn may be given one way or the other by the course of the leaders there. There's no knowing what effect Mr. Webster's speech may have. One thing is certain, however-that is, that the coming election will be a decisive one for many years to come. If the whigs get worsted, we think they may calculate on a long term of r-lief from the cares of Government. And if the democrats get beaten, what with that and their own eternal intestine squabbles, the same fate may, we suppose, be safely enough predicted for them. However, we anxiously await the report of the speeches of Mr. Webster and others at Albany, which we shall publish in full at the earliest possible moment

CLAY AND WEBSTER .- The threatened expose of Mr. Webster's former friendly feelings towards Mr. Clay, and critical examination of that great statesman's character, appears to excite a good deal of remark in various quarters. The whole thing is absurd. The idea that members of the same party may not blow hot and cold with respect to each other, as circumstances require, discovers a degree of intolerance quite unpardonable in the present

enlightened age. ANY MORE ORGANS WANTED ?- The democratic party have sundry reasons to rejoice in their full representation by the press at Washington. They have the "Globe"—the "Spectator"—and the "Madisonian"—all so excessively zealous for "the cause," that they are scratching each other's eyes out, and are so busy killing each other, by way, we suppose, of "keeping their hand in," as the Hi. bernia logician said, that they appear to have for gotten that there are any whigs left with whom to carry on the conflict for the security of " our glo-

Onto River -At Pittsburg, on Thursday, the

Mauch Chunk, Penn. [Correspondence of the Herald] MAUCH CHUNK, (Penn.) Aug. 21, 1844. The Coal Regions of Pennsylvania - Their Curious Features and Character.

now in one of the mest picturesque villages in Pennsylvanie, and have seen to-day one of the richest portions of the coal regions of the State. Mauch Chunk is the most singular looking lit-tle town I ever was in. It is embosomed in flows to the Delaware at Easton, and is built along the deep gorge made by the mountain creek, called the Mauch Chunk. The town has quite a ively, business appearance-has a Court house for the county-and a very fine hotel, kept by Mr Connor in capital style. The air here is pure from the mountains—and the weather has been for some time of the most beautiful kind.

To-day we procured a carriage from Mr. Connor, and horses from another person, and visited the coal mines on the summit level. There is a little village on the hill, consisting of contractors, workmen, and others employed in the mines, number-ing several hundred persons. It is called Summit Hill, and has a post office. The distance, from Mauch Chunk to the hill, is about nine miles through a beautiful, wild, but narrow valley, be-tween the mountains. In the midst of the mines, on the very ridge of the hill, there is a very neat hotel, where one can get good refreshments. It is kept by Mr. John Simpson, and the hot green corn and mulled porter which he gave us to a lunch, after we had traversed the coal mines were the best I have tasted in a long time. Mr. Simpson, also accompanies the visitors frequently to the mines, and to-day he had half a dozen travellers from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, who

were delighted with the curiosities of coal mining. The Lehigh Company own all the coal fields in this region—they employ a thousand persons, if not more—and about 700 fat, sleek-looking mules, who draw the cars from the mines to the summit level, and then draw them up from the Lehigh river, nine miles, after the coal being put aboard the boats on the canal or navigation. The mines are well worth a visit by every traveller passing through this part of the country. Last week they drew forth nearly 200,000 tons, being about half as much as is mined from all the mines of Pottsville, which is thirty miles distance on the Schuylkill river. The fields of coal here are immense thickness, varying from 10, 15, 20, 30, to 55 feet, laying open to the heaven, and easily reached after uncovering a small thickness of earth and rock. In some portions of the mountain, the coal lies under a heavy field of slate, under which there are pits or dark caves dug to some distance Here the men wear lamps in their hats, for it is quite dark-but generally the coal, after the superincumbent earth is removed, is dug out and car-

ried off in open day.

The transportation of the coal to Mauch Chunck is very curious. There is a railroad down the mountain, nine miles, all inclined plain. Here the cars, nine at time, go down by the power of gravity-and then the mules are used to take them up. I understand, however, that a railroad with steam power is building to perform this work. Altogether this is the most beautiful, wild, pictur-esque, and curious portion of this region, and all travellers ought to stop one day, and taste the pure air of the mountain, not forgetting the fresh hot corn and capital porter of Simpson's snug little airy Mountain House, situated in the midst of the coal regions of Pennsylvania.

CULPABLE OMISSION -The Directors of the L I Railroad have hitherto neglected to place at the different crossings sign boards of the usual kind, as a warning to those who might incautiously approach them and incur danger thereby. A lew days ago a most melancholy accident occurred, and as the writer of this was present, begs leave to say that he is of the opinion that it might have been prevented by the precaution above stated. The sooner this negligence is seen to the better. In all that relates to railways, as well as steamers, too much vigilance cannot be exerted to secure personal safety, and whoever has the mortification to witness one such deplorable sight as the mangled remains of this nature, owing to, we believe, the oversight of parties concerned, feels doubly desirous for security against a repetition of such a

Common Council. - The Common Council, will meet this evening, (Monday,) after a vacation of several weeks. A full report of sayings, doings, and conclusive action, will appear to-morrow. We anticipate much, and hope our anticipation may

DANCING AT NEWPORT .- By late accounts of the most authentic kind from Newport, Mons. de Korhas met with every encouragement. Already he has procured no less than sixty pupils, and arrangements on a scale of magnificence are in progress for a grand ball, which is to come of very soon. The whole talk of the beau monde is about Mons K. and his beautiful dances; between that and the perfection of ball dresses, the ladies have their hands full just now.

THE TWENTY MILE RACE OVER THE CENTREVILLE Course.-We perceive that an alteration as to time of entry, &c., has been made for this great race, so as to give an opportunity for those willing to enter to have sufficient time for training. There is no doubt but that it will be one of the greatest feats ever accomplished in this or any other country, if it should be completed

PALMO'S OPERA HOUSE.—This evening Dr. Lard ner will commence his series of subscription lectures and optical exhibitions, with his inaugural discourse, which is now given for the first time in America. The moderate terms of subscription, and the popularity of the entertainments, will insure a considerable attendance. Indeed we learn that a large number of seats are already engaged for the entire course. Those who desire to attend should make early application to-day at the box

PROPELLER TIGRESS .- This steamer, on her passage from Philadelphia to New York with several passengers on board, broke one of her propellers off Never Sink, and was towed into the bight of the Hook by the steamer Orus.

FISHING EXCURSION .- Steamboat "General Jackon"-this steamer is chartered to-day by Captains Richardson and Yeats, for an excursion to the Fishing Banks. The temptations are strong, the weather is cool and refreshing, the prospect of good sport is encouraging, and the Captains are

obliging and attentive. See advertisement. VISITORS .- Captain Hunter, of the navy; General Humphrey, of Michigan, and General B. M. Lowe, of Huntsville, Alabama; and the Hon. L. H. La Fontaine, late prime minister of Canada, are at

To THE LADIES .- Of all who have labored in this age to promote the comfort and welfare of those whom man was born to please," we do not know any that have dose more than the inventors of the Artemian Brace," which is a perfect substitute for the corsets which have destroyed so many thousands of the fairest forms. This invention is highly extolled by the medical faculty, and deservedly so. It is for sale at the inventors-Parsells and Agate, Broadway, corner Park Place. Ladies

Dr. Hollick's Lectures .- The novelty of these ectures, combined with the attraction of the splendid illustrations, has created an interest in them quite unparalleled-in consequence of which, Dr. H. will give another course. For particulars see advertisement.

MORE BOSTON LIBERALITY. - We learn that Ame Lawrence, Esq, of this city, is addition to the liberal donation of five thousand dollars, which he some time since made to William's College, has recently made to the same institution another donation to the same rkshire Jubilee-Grand Rally at Pitts

for several weeks going forward, to celebrate an event that is destined to make a deep and lasting supression on the inhabitants of this romantic inty-the in-gathering of her sons, scattered through the whole extent of abroad through the whole extent of this country, and the only feeling of those who have had the good fortune to participate in the gratifying pro-ceedings, is that of extreme pleasure and approval. It is not perhaps, so wellsknown as it should be, that the county of Berkshire lays claim to the parentage of an unusual aumber of men, who have in their public career, not only done credit to the place of their nativity, but to their country at large. It would be tedious to recapitulate all who adorn this list, but when we mention the names of Bryant, Sedgwick, Channing, Dewey, Betts, and Spencer, a fair sample of the host of those well known names who belong to this place is afforded, and who would form a list too long for detail. We understand that not more than a year has elapsed since the happy thought of an assembly of the Sons of Berkshire originated with a few individuals of this city, proud of their connection with this beautiful and distinguished county. No sooner was the pro-ject promulgated than it was caught up with avidity. Old Massachussetts echoed the proposal, and num-bers stepped forward with creditable zeal, to forward the undertaking; but before going further, a few words relative to the locale of this truly com-

mendable celebration.

The town of Pittsfield, the capital of Berkshire County, is situated towards its western extremity, and near the source of the Housatonic river. It was originally settled about the year 1740, and has gradually, but steadily, been keeping pace with the general progress of the country, and is now a promising and fast rising town. The population amounts to about 1,500; contains about 200 houses, four Churches, a Bank, a Medical Institution, an extensive and flourishing Academy for young ladies, and no less than four newspapers are published each week. Nothing can be more beautiful than the scenery of this county in general, but that which presents itself to the eye from the town of Pittsfield is eminently so. Situated on an eminence in the centre of an extensive plain, it com mands a prospect of a most diversified and roman-tic kind. For miles away in the distance, the un-dulating surface of the fields, swells into gentle hills and sequestered vales-there is nothing flat, stale, or unprofitable—crops of every kind teem from the rich soil, and a hue of verdure delights the sight, which is at last intercepted by the majestic piles of the Green Mountain range, which form in bold relief, a margin for the lovely central valley, all round the horizen. These hills are clothed with verdure, and forest timber to their loftiest summit. There is nothing meagre or barren to mar the harmony of the view, and altogether it is a faithful and grand emblem of the intellectual fertility of the region, of the enterprize and elevated character of this distinguished section of the New England race, who are proud to hail it as the land of their boyhood's

are proud to hail it as the land of their boyhood's home.

Thursday and Friday last were the days dedicated to the Jubilee of the "Sons of Berkshire." A committee, appointed by the county, had made arrangements, most judiciously, to give as much celat and honor to the occasion as it was possible to do. On Thursday morning Pittsfield presented an animated appearance. The strivals of the trains on the previous evening by the Great Western Railway, which passes through Pittsfield between Albany and Boston, brough! legions to partake in the proceedings. According to arrangement, a committee of the citizens of Berkshire, were in waiting at the Town Hall, to give a formal reception to the Emigrant Sons of that county, and a register provided an which were inserted their names, as an interesting memorial for future days of the happy event which brought the distant and far scattered, but affectionate sens of the soil to their beautiful native hills. A processien was formed which marched out to the "Jubilee Hill," a short distance from the town, where it was proposed to hold the exercises of the day. The weather, however, proved adverse; about one o'clock the distant mountain tops were enveloped in misty clouds, and a copious discharge of rain from the lowering sky changed the order, but not the gaiety of the day. At two o'clock P. M. the vast assemblage met in the Presbyterian Church, where the Rev. Mark Hopkins, President of William's College, addressed them in a discourse of a nature suitable to the occasion; the Rev. William Allen followed it with a poem composed expressly for the service, in which he recounted a host of names long honored—treated pathetically of "the days of other years," and spoke in terms of congratulation to his audience of the auspicious career of their fathers, their home, and their restored brethren. The remainder of the day was passed in the unceremonious meeting of friends at the houses of the citizens of Pittsfield to hall their to.

ous meeting of friends at the houses of the citizens of Pittsfield; and it was hard to tell who relished the delight of that evening most, the Emigrant Sons of Berkshire to revisit their homes, or the citizens of Pittsfield to hail their return.

Friday morning was ushered in freighted with expectation, but not without apprehension as to the threatening appearance of the weather. Rain had descended in torrents during nearly the whole preceding night. The ground was saturated with wet, and the fore part of Friday its drooping atthrough the total part of the crowds that thronged the hotels, and the numerous detachments of strangers who cheerily chatted in the dwellings of the citizens. Up to eleven o'clock, the uncertainty of the day prevented any decision as to when the exercises should be held. The church used on the previous day began to be filled at half past nine o'clock, and at half past ren, it was densely crowded by an audience, the greater part of whom consisted of ladies—the gentlemen, of course, courteously declining all accommodation until the ladies were comfortably seated. The glorious uncertainty of the weather afforded cause of some amusement, and extensive speculation. No keen broker ever scanned the rise and fall of stocks—no shrewd lawyer ever turned over the leaves of the voluminous brief with more searching acumen than the weather wise peered through the dimed windows, or turned to the weather cock to see what way the wind blew. The lolks in the gallery, strongly impressed with the value of seats, most pertinaciously adhered to them, and wherever a temporary vacancy occured by the tenant's curiosity to have a peep at the clouds, it was filled up by two or more watchful candidates. Numerous enquiries were directed to the marshals as they now and again became visible in the crowd by their badges of office, one of whom at last ascended the pulpit stairs, and announced that the collective windom had considered to the marshals as they now and again became visible in marshals as they now and again became visible in the crowd by their badges of office, one of whom at last ascended the pulpit stairs, and announced that the collective wisdom had concluded a processional march to "Jubilee Hill."

In a few minutes the church became emptied; the procession, headed by a band of music, formed outside in the following order:—

The President of the day, and the Sheriff of the County.

County.
The Vice Presidents. The Vice Presidents.

The Orator of the Day.

The Clergy—the New York Committee—the Berkshire County Committee—the Berkshire Agricultural Society—the Faculty of William's College—the Faculty of the Berkshire Medical Institution—the Emigrant Sons, and former residents of Berkshire—Citizens. On arriving at the hill, we found the ground already covered by a large assemblage; and the number of vehicles was truly imposing. Seats were placed for many thousands in the form of an amphitheatre, on the gentle acclivity, fronting which stood a spacious platform for the speakers; and most of those composing the procession, except the body of the crous platform for the speakers; and most of those composing the procession, except the body of the citizens, who were too numerous, and who accordingly fell in with the crowd. On the platform we noticed amongst others, Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, who acted as President for the day; the Hon. Ezekial Bacon; Judge Dewey; Judge Betts, of New York; Judge Walker; Drs. Childs and Adams; Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D.; Theodore Sedgewick, Esq., N. Y.; W. Macready, Esq., the Tragedian; Professor Dewey; and Hon. Timothy Giles.

Giles.

The meeting was called to order by the Presi-

The meeting was called to order by the President, and opened with singing and prayer by the Rev Mr. Shepherd, the Chaplain; a choir, composed of residents of the county, sang several beautiful odes, prepared for the occasion by the Hon. Ezekial Bacon, Mrs. Sigourney, and others; after which the President announced the Hon. Joshua A. Spencer, who addressed the assembly thus:—

Friends and Frillow Citizens—We have come in an swer to a mother's call. The dispersed sons and daughters of Berksbire have returned to their own loved homes and kindred, and we have altogether come up to our own Jerusalem to wershlp. It is a meeting of kindred spirits, which has broken up the deep fountains of our hearts, and they are coming forth in streams of joy, and gratitude, and love. Filled with these emotions—in justice to yound suffered spirits, and they are coming forth in streams of joy, and gratitude, and love. Filled with these emotions—in justice to yound suffered spirits, and they are coming forth in streams of joy, and gratitude, and love. Filled with these emotions—in justice to yound suffered spirits, and they are coming forth in streams of joy, and gratitude, and love. Filled with these emotions—in justice to yound suffered spirits, which has broken up the deep foundaries, and they are coming forth in streams of joy, and gratitude, and love. Filled with these emotions—in justice to yound the series of the suffered spirits. The suffered spirits which has broken up the deep contained to their own love of the suffered spirits.

wood shill-side. We have lottered around the old school house, shooked into it, not as mu the social exchool house, shooked into it, not as mu the social except the acting ground of boyheed, buthed in the same stream—we have worshipped in the old meetingshouse, and heard preached the gospel of peace. We have met a few familiar faces; many more half recognized counterments, but still a greater number who are strangers unto resting piaces of our departed friends—have read the inscription over their tembs—listened to the small still voice from their graves, and our hearts have held sweet and silent converse with their departed spirits, which be not avakened the numery of joys that are past, both pleasant and mourful to the soul. Ustil this our return, we did not fully realists how ardently we level our own native land, or our kindred who have cemained here to preserve cut roll household, while we come to rejoice with you while gathering round the hearths of our mehers, while with gratulations and ff are rootlection, and vails grateful hearts, we find you love us not the less of our going away from you, and your like some the state of ening anarely to the commonwealth. But our forefathers were equal to the commonwealth. But our forefathers were equal to the commonwealth. But our forefathers were equal to the commonwealth. Its decided action was restored, but not as formerly. Appertite among neighbors and division among families remained for several years. Fourteen of the insurgents were taken prisoners, tried, and senienced te death; but to the honor of our country be it spoken, that even in the infancy of her institutions, no man for political opinions suffered by the common hangman. (A voice of the most steatorins kind here called out "huzza's history, and the intelligence, the enterprize, which dictated them, are felt not only here, but all over the world Colonel Williams and the country. He fell as command learning in this country. He fell as command learning in the country. He fell as command learning in the country. He fell as command of the many years followed the ocean, but relinquished that profession, and took the army, when he became distinguished for his skill and intrepidity when in command of the Massachusetts line of forts on the Counceticut river, where he owned large tracts of lands, and winessed their settlement. He aimed to be their benefactor, and became the benefactor of mankind. A few days before his death, and on his march towards the Western frontier, he felt a presentiment of his death, and made his will, leaving a residue of his property, money and bono's to be put to micro-and the fund to be applied to establish and examined the property of their country and obtained it also a grant of \$3.500, as well as \$2000 from the inabilisants. It was then under the charge of B, Fisk, well known in the annals of this State. In 1793, on the petition of the frustees, the schoolwas crected into a Gellegian of which Berkshire may well be proud. Its onward career is known over the earth, and the light of the cluested men is not unheeded, for the history of their country and their own of the property of their country and their own o

antiquity have passed away, and are only to be heard of by history, yet, do we hope ours shill endure for ever. They were Pegan, they bowed to idols of their own cress tion. We are a christian people—we worship the uncreated, living God. They, like their titular deities, have come to nesting; but our God ever lives and reigns. Their religion was mythological, unsound and visionary our religion is in the Bible, and founded on the rock of the living the state of the libe are religious for the people of New England was the sole cause of these liberal religious rights of men be so well karned. (Mr. 8 went on at length to show that the religious feeling of the people of New England was the sole cause of these liberal religious from the heart of a New England man; it is curried with him wherever he goes, and the blessing descends to his children. Your schools, gcademies, and colleges—so many means by law established for education, bear ample testimony that New England holds an onward step, that she tish her obligation to provide a great fountain of knowledge that may be borne by her some and daughters who may contrive it may reach the zenith point, it is not given to a know, but, reasoning from the past to the fatter, and the provide and the country. Compared with other nations, our sun is yet hardly risen; its light is but now seen gliding the eastern horizon. It may not rase in out day; and at the close of how many centuries it may reach the zenith point, it is not given to us to know; but, reasoning from the past to the future, and on the liberal point of the marked the religious man; in deed so truly wonderful are his achievements, that there sive intellect. These view have not been taken by when her religious from the past of the minds and large p

path round by the foot of the Green Hill towards that attractive spot where not only an intellectual feast awaits thousands, but something else hardly less inspiring to the whole man, albeit designated by the somewhat flat and mundane appellation of "Creature Comforts"—than the most brilliant flashes of imagination. For the gratification of those who may have more appetite for poetry than pastry, we have reserved the following bonne bouche by Mrs. Sigourney, and which, although sung before the benediction was pronounced, we transplant here as an appropriate finale for the elevated exercises on the Hill, and also a fitting prelude for

the evening's entertainment :-Ode, by Mrs. Sigourney.

[Written for the occasion.] They come! they come! by ardent memory led, From distant hearth stones,—a rejucing train, And hand in hand with kindred lealing tread Green Berkshire's vales and breczy hills again.

Back to the cradle of their own sweet birth, Back to the jost prints of their flowery prime, Where in the nursery of their native earth They caught the spirit of their mountain clime;

The free bold spirit, that no chains can bind, The earnest purpose that no toil can tame, The calm, inherent dignity of mind, The love of knowledge and of patriot fame.

They bring the stateman's and the student's dower,
The honors that to rural life belong,
Of sacred elequence the soul felt power,
The palm of science and the wreath of song. And thou, blest mother! with unfrosted hair,

Still made by age more beautiful and strong,— Pour a glad welcome, at thy threshold fair, And breathe thy blessing o'er the filial throng

Enfold them warmly in thy fond embrace, And with the counsels of true wisdom guide, That like themselves, their yet uncounted race, May be thy glory as thou art their pride.

That like themselves, their yet uncounted race, May be thy glory as thou art their pride.

In point of magnitude, the arrangements for dinner surpassed any thing which before came under our observation. The Committee resolved to accommodate all who should feel disposed to join with their friends at the social table, took care that there should be no lack of either room or rations. As there was no building in Pittsfield, or indeed any place eise, spacious enough to contain the party, it was necessary to take seats outside. For this purpose the locality chosen was the Gymnasium—a beautiful green lawn just adjoining the Young Ladies' Institution. A structure, extending over about 2500 square yards, was erected thereon, enclosed by an awning to ward off both sun and rain, should it come, as was not unlikely. Tables is parallel rows, aflording seats for over two thousand, covered the whole space enclosed, which was an exact square. Close by the centre of the more elevated side of the square, and at right angles with the other tables, stood one sufficiently high to command a view of the whole assembly; this was set apart for the President, the Vice President, the Clergy, and a few other select persons who took a conspicuous part in the morning's exercises. Mr. Wright, of the "Tontine Coffee House," Boston, provided the dinner, which was sent down the whole way from that city, via railroad, and was found on arrival to be "in a fine state of preservation." Another marked feature in this extensive restival was the total absence of every kind of spirituous drink. Adam's ale, from the crystal spring, at which the wild deer slaked his thirst, in those distant days when the Red Man gave the name of Pantoosack, (a run for deer,) to that region—and from whose fountains the emigrant sons of Berkshire, were wont to take the draught which cheers but not inebriates, in the days when they went gipseying, when—

when—
They flew through the pleasant fields, traversed so oft,
In life's morning march, when their bosons were
young;
Where the vo.ces of playmates resounded so soft;
Where they heard the sweet strains that the corn-resp
ers sung.
In a very short time the tables were all occupied.

In a very short time the tables were all occupied, a blessing was asked, and immediately, according to the old proverb. "help thyself and heaven will help thee," each, in the most free andieasy manner, proceeded to couple his own assistance with that which was devoutly asked of Gotl Those who imagine that stimulating drinks are necessary for promoting hilarity on such occasions, would be unters of Berkshire on this one. A lively convention was kept up during the intervals of mastication; the hum of voices blended its softening influence with the more acute staccate notes of the ence with the more acute staccato notes knives and ferks, whilst the clear tenor of "w "here sir," constituted a master piece of melod not surpassed even by any performance of Joh ston's band—composed of colored men, whose ex

rese to address them in conformity with the duties of the inversable effice of their President, which that the interaction of their President, which the bill the in his hand actication of what remained for him ho dut in his hand actication of what remained for him ho dut in his hand actication of what remained for him ho dut in his hand actication of what remained for him ho dut in his hand actication with the propriety of conduct, you are requested to maintain order, and preserve as much tranquility as possible, (laughter and appliance) and I am much mistaken if in this family, before the sun goes down, you will not have some first rate speaking. There are some boys here who can do that thing up well (Loud laughter) I see by the arrangements that there are to be some introductory remarks by the President, but, indeed, I do not know well what to say. Foreigners are accustomed to say that when we Yankees get together, we talk about nothing but ourselves and Yankees land. Now, what else should we do? You know very well that it often had policy for families to talk about other folks—(Rours of laughter) When children, however, gatter about the old people, they think they have a right to bring home the news-to talk about the late deaths, marriages, aye, and the runsaways tos. (Renewed laughter) and that have been acutered over 18 out of the 26 States of the Union. We may well glory in the result of this enterprise, and if there are any strangers present they will indusing us in asying that we meet as a promising family to have our children spread so far over the four quarters of the land, and gathered together again from these distant parts. We have heard from our triends yesterday in sober proce as well as cheerful peetry. So much about the honor of good old mother Berkshire, in which they spoke of her beautiful scenery, even when spread around us, of which her children have a right to be proud. It was said that within twelve hours after the news of the battle or sangulinary strugge occurred at which the honor of s

ment—"The friends and scenes of our childhood."
(Applause.)
The President then proposed—
The County of Berkshire—rich in beautiful scenery;
she rejoices in her children, and, as she welcomes them
back, in the language of the Roman mother, exclaims,
"These are my Jewels." (Thunders of applause.)
The President—I call upon Dr Holmes to recite
an ode, and will say to him, get on the table, as a
mode far in advance of the old way, which was to
get under the table. (Laughter.)
Dr. Holmes of Boston, spoke for some time tab
the evident delight of all, and recited a poem—a
sparkling gem of his own composition, for that day,
and was enthusiastically applauded.
Indre Dewey addressed the meeting at some

sparking gem of his own composition, for that day, and was enthusiastically applauded.

Judge Dgwry addressed the meeting at some length, after which, there were loud and enthusinstic calls for Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., who at last arose, amidst acclamations of "get on the table," "to the table," "mount the stand," with which Mr. Sedgwick complied and said:—

This, sir, for a free country, is rather a despotic proceeding; (laughter,) to tell a man not only that he shall and must tabk, but sesign him the spot from whence he is to do it. I had really hoped that where there are so many refulgent luminaries. I could sparkle in obscurity.—Although I have not studied what I shall say, I do not hesitate: for I hold that a man must have a heart like an ice berg if he could not find something on this occasion. This, sir, is more than a mere Berkshire jubilee. Every man who goes forth from this meeting is a delegate of the great family of New England, sent forth to people the Great West. These delegates from fortigh lands here as sembled, it might be imagined, are called upon by the genius of New England to give an account of their fidelity to their acred principies. You are, no doubt, Mr. Presi, ent, as g. eat a fee to herbitary as I can be; but you are too harsh of a farmer not to believe in the value of stock—to know the value of breed; and you are mo true son of Mussachusetts if you do not value the breed yen belong to. (Laughter and cheers.) I can hardly say I am a namr.th of a farmer not to believe in the value of stock—to kaow the value of breed; and you are no true son of Massachusetts if you do not value the breed yeu belong to. (Laughter and cheers.) I can hardly say I am a native born of this county, although I am proud and happy to be among the mountain boys of Berkshire; for, by the accident of an accident, as Lord Thurlow said, I was born in New York, right down among the Knickerbookers, in that great city now resing at the mouth of the Hudson Mr. Sedgwick proceeded to pass a warm culogy on New England, and thus concluded; I have said more than I should. I have stood in a peculiar situation, with the eyes of the New England men upon me—and under, I may say, the very guns of one of the most brilliant sons of Old England, (cheers)—and also in the presence of a most formidable Dutchman. I will give you, "The stock of Old England, with virtue and equality added to it." (Rapturous applause)

The President—"The last speaker, in my opin-

I will give you, "The stock of Old England, with virtue and equality added to it." (Rupturous applause)

The President—"The last speaker, in my opinion, has taken an odd course—has been most personal in his allusions. I think it but right—and here announce to the gentleman from Old England, that he shall havela hearing in his defence." Here there wast great curiosity manifested to get a glimpse of John Bull; no one appearing, it was very amusing to observe the straining and staring—mounting on seats, and peering over shoulders to behold Old England; some one at last having mentioned his name, a perfect hurricane of voices called out "Macready," "Macready," "up on the table," &c.

Mr. Macready, after a slight hesitation, complied to the letter, made his way to the speaking point and thus spoke:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen—I could almost say brothers, although not a Berkehire brother—for I assure you the heart of an Englishman who can carry with him intelligence, beats as warmly lowerds to accountry as the best American could deaire (Chers.) I am taken altogether unawares. The delight I have felt in making the circuit of your great country, has brought me here, to seen this great social meeting, that distinguishing spirit carriedout, which is seen perwesting all your institutions, forensic political, and commercial. I can only, in reference to that feeling of brotherhood—and I would that I had eloquence to do it justice—beg leave to recite a few words as expressive of what are my sentiments, in common with that of my countrymes. (Applause,) It is allittle fable, and although of Eastern origin, it will speak to the point at which I would aim, and I hope it will be responded to by all. (Mr. M. then recit ed a short poetic fable with energy, and descended from the table loudly applanded.)

Several excellent speeches were delivered by Mr. Field, Professor Dewey, Hon. Timothy Giles,

Several excellent speeches were delivered by Mr. Field, Professor Dewey, Hon. Timothy Giles, and Rev. Mr. Lord. The young ladies of the Institution afforded a rich treat by singing an ode, composed by one of their members, and several hours passed thus in the most agreeable manner, and the separation did not take place until the gelden rays of the setting sun were intercepted by the western hills, and the gradual approach of twilight proclaimed that that festive and memorable day had closed—not to be forgotten—but to be treasured in memory amongst many others, which are still green in the recollection of the Sons of Berkshite.

63- A WARM-A VERY HOT, DESCRIPTION OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

'Tis bliss to gaze upon her spotless face;
Joy beauty, nature holds its reign a space.
O lovely, blooming, healthy, rosy creature,
Nature's best work is stamped in every feature.
E'en now, thy face, how spotless, clear and pure,
Science, and 'Jones' Soap, has made a wond'rous cure. E'en now, thy face, how spotiess, clear and pure, Science, and "Jones' Soap," has made a wond'rous curs in Cheeks rosy, breast heaving, and neck snowy white, Hearts of Gods—hearts of man, sure must leap at the sight, E'er now, your besutiful eyes, like the star of the night, More brilliant than rubies, sys, brighter than bright. In your face health is beaming, the rose on your cheek, Clear, transparent; such beauity an angel might seek, And seek too, in vain, unless some spirit, or hope, Leads your thoughts upon Jones' famed chemical Soap. Such beauty is open to all, e'en the old look with hope—O, can you refuse fifty cents for a cake of this soap? All blothes and pimples will leave you; your face, arms and neck will be fair—Pure white, healthy red, as Adonis or Venus could weer. Boys, Girls, Men, Women and children, if you have any eruption or diafigurement on your face, neck, arms, hands or body, such as pimples, freakles, blotches, tan, ann-burn, or morphew, one cake of genuine Jones' Italian Chemical Soap, will enlirely and permanently cure you. In fact its strange qualities are cuch as to change dark, yellow, or sun-burnt kin, to a fine healthy clearness; but you must be sure and buy it nowhere else, but at the sign of the American Eagle, 82 Chatham 81, 328 Broadway, or 130 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 8 State street, Bosten; 3 Ledger Buildings, Philadelphia; Pease, Broadway, Albany.